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For the Tablet.

The Ambush.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

On a calm and serene afternoon in the autumn of '76, such as frequently occur during that season of the year, when the stillness of nature serves to throw a gloom over the mind, a horseman was seen leisurely winding down the rough and uneven road leading to B—, in New Jersey. The sun was fast declining beneath the western horizon, and the faint rays that were transmitted through the smoky atmosphere, cast a still deeper shade upon all surrounding objects. The trees were divested of their leafy mantle—the mountain sides no longer presented a green and beautiful appearance—and the earth, at other times clothed with verdure, was now covered only with the dry and withered relics of more lovely scenes. The monarch of the forest had laid aside his robes—his courtiers were stripped of their foliage—

"And the green tapestry of leaves,
Strewed on the blighted ground,"—

reminded man of his frailty—of the shortness of his existence,—and that the winter of life was fast approaching, when he would be laid low as the remains of vegetated nature, which he now contemplated. But the traveler moved on, not heeding the wildness of nature; and although he appeared to be deeply engaged in meditation, yet the loneliness of the scene had no place in his thoughts—they were fixed upon the distant and much loved object of his affections. "Oh! when," said he, in the low tones of despondency, "shall the scenes of war and bloodshed—of misery and wretchedness—of which I have so lately been a witness, be forever hidden from my view? How long before this glorious, but to me painful struggle for liberty, shall be finished, and my country be freed from the tyranny of the oppressor? I must, so long as it continues, forego the pleasures of social life—must break away from the society of my friends and companions—must bid adieu to my dear lovely Ellen, and take up my abode amid the tumult and confusion of a camp, and the noise and din of the battle field." Such were his reflections as he left the quarters of his companions in arms be-

hind him, and bent his way to the small but romantic village of B—.

Henry Dumont, the traveler whom we have introduced to the notice of our readers, was the son of an opulent merchant in the city of New York, who, having but a narrow income, and wishing to enlarge it, emigrated from the land of his nativity, and engaged in mercantile pursuits in this new and thinly populated country. Although the prospect was at first dark and lowering, yet his prudence, combined with the other qualities of a man of business, enabled him to attain a considerable degree of wealth and influence. He formed a connection in marriage with a lady of small fortune, but possessed of exalted virtues, and an amiable disposition, and Henry, the hero of our story, was their only child. He was educated under the immediate superintendence of his mother, and every useful accomplishment that a father's love or maternal fondness could suggest, was lavished upon him: these advantages, however, were applied in such a manner as not to enervate, but rather to strengthen his mental powers. After acquiring a polished education, he entered the counting room of his father, where he passed his time, in the attainment of commercial knowledge, until the voice of his country summoned him to bear arms in defense of her liberties.

It had been the practice of Mr. Dumont, for several years, when the cares of business did not require his attention, to retire from the city, and spend his leisure time at a country seat situated in the village of B—. It was during his residence there, that Henry became acquainted with Ellen Wharton, the daughter of an eminent lawyer of extensive practice and high reputation. Her personal charms alone rendered her attractive; and being possessed of an amiable disposition, an engaging deportment and remarkable suavity of manners, it is not to be thought strange, that an impression, not easy to be effaced, should be made upon the mind of a youth of seventeen. She was one of those beings who need only to be seen in order to be loved. These rare excellencies of the mind, combined with her beautiful countenance and sylph-like form, engaged the affections of Henry, and made him prefer the society of Ellen to any other. It is hardly necessary to remark, that his love was reciprocated,

and each exulted in the hope of being united in that sacred bond which is the only sure foundation of social happiness.

But the hopes which they had indulged for years, and which were on the eve of consummation, were for the present to be blasted: their dreams of happiness were not yet to be realized—the anticipations of connubial felicity, with which they were wont to solace the lingering hours, proved but the vagaries of a heated imagination, and all the plans and projects which they had formed of future bliss were cruelly frustrated. It was early in the summer of 1775 that Henry attained the age of manhood, and the consent of their parents to the union being obtained, the succeeding autumn was fixed upon as the period which was to consummate their happiness; but just at this moment the differences which had so long existed between Britain and her colonies resulted in an open rupture, and the battle of Lexington was the prelude to the grand drama of the Revolution. The oppressive laws of the mother country, and the tyranny exercised upon her subjects, kindled the feelings of patriotism in the bosom of Henry, and the love of liberty glowing in his breast inspired him with the desire of assisting in the work of emancipating his country from the thralldom of a tyrant.

The avowal of his sentiments, and his determination to take the field in defense of the rights of freemen, did not meet with the approbation of Mr. Wharton, who being of English extraction, was a violent tory, and strongly opposed to the measures taken by the colonies to preserve their liberty. In vain did he endeavor to dissuade Henry from enlisting in what he termed a rash and dangerous enterprise; in vain did he portray the misfortunes which attended, and the evils which resulted from defeat in a hopeless cause; his entreaties had no effect—they fell like arrows upon the ground—Henry had embarked with all his heart in the undertaking, and with thousands of others had resolved to free his country from oppression, or offer himself as a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Mr. Wharton was a decided loyalist; he exerted all the influence which he possessed to advance the interests of the king, and even procured a commission for his son in a battalion of volunteers, which was

raised for the express purpose of harassing the Americans. George Wharton was naturally a youth of an amiable disposition, and both he and his father were previously very much prepossessed in favor of Henry; but now their conduct was changed—their affections were alienated from him, and they treated him with coldness and indifference. Although her father and brother became firmly opposed to him, yet the affections of Ellen could not be easily turned from the object of her choice, and notwithstanding the command of her parent to suspend all intercourse with her lover, she still persisted in receiving his addresses. This still more exasperated her friends and rendered them still more averse to Henry, who, after some delay, joined the heroic champions of freedom, early in the summer of 1776.

"How can my father be so unreasonable as to oppose our union, and mar the felicity which already results from the happiness we have in prospect?" said Ellen, as they met the evening previous to his departure for the army.

"It is a mystery which I cannot solve," said he, "that a difference in opinion only, should create such an enmity in his breast against me; indeed, I can hardly believe it to be that alone which has produced this effect; but whatever may be the cause, my dear Ellen, I am fully determined in my purpose to pursue the course that bears the impress of duty: your father has done all in his power to destroy my happiness—he can injure me no more; yet I forgive him for your sake, although I cannot erase the record of my grievances from the tablet of memory."

"You judge of my parent too severely, Henry; his feelings are enlisted in the cause of his native country, and in the moments of excitement he may say that which at other times, his better judgment would condemn."

"Pardon the warmth of my expressions," said Henry, "I would not on any account excite painful emotions in your bosom; but when the cup of pleasure was so near my lips, it seemed cruel indeed, to see it dashed to the ground. Such, however, is my lot, and I go comfortless to the camp, with nothing to cheer me but the consciousness that I am fighting in a good cause."

"Say not so," Ellen replied, "an amicable adjustment of the difficulties between England and her colonies will no doubt take place, and then my father will consent to our union, and we shall be happy."

"Oh that this might be the case! but I must perform my duty to my country: think often of your absent Henry, and cherish the fond remembrance of our mutual love. Farewell Ellen!"

"Farewell!"

The next morning beheld Henry on his way to the American army, then encamped in the neighborhood of New York, and in momentary expectation of a descent of the British troops under Gen. Howe, then

at anchor in the bay. He was appointed to a post of honor in a battalion of dragoons, a situation in consonance with his feelings, and which afforded a wide range for the exercise of the enthusiasm that directed his movements. His new occupation was arduous, and required all the courage and hardihood of which he was master; but his spirit did not quail at the approach of danger, nor did he fear the sight of an enemy. His valor was put to the test in the actions of Flatbush and White Plains, and his gallant conduct obtained the commendation of his superior officers. Preference was the consequence of this meritorious display of his patriotism, and on no one could it have been bestowed with more justice.

The display of private worth receives its reward, however humble the individual in whom it appears; but how much more do the actions of him who is willing to immolate himself in his country's cause, deserve our highest praise. Many can be induced, by a love of military glory—by a desire of distinction in some bold adventure—or by the hope of preserving their present enjoyments, to rank themselves among the defenders of their country; yet very few, from a sense of duty, will separate themselves from all the fond endearments of social life, weaken the strongest bonds of affection, and even make enemies of friends, in order to protect the rights of freemen and transmit them to posterity.

But to return from our digression. The hardships and dangers of a camp could produce no effect upon a mind so buoyant and enthusiastic as was that of Henry: one privation only seemed to concern him—his separation from the object of his love.—Several months had elapsed since his departure, and he had had no opportunity of visiting the place of her residence; and although they had maintained an uninterrupted correspondence, yet his mind was ill at ease;—her image was ever present in his imagination, but it was his ardent wish to behold her lovely form and cheering countenance in reality. This motive prompted him to improve the first opportunity which occurred to visit B—, and thither he was bending his course at the moment when we introduced him to our readers.

Silent and thoughtful he pursued his way, insensible to any thing that was passing around him,—his pensive mind employed in recalling the chequered scenes of the last few months of his life, and in deploring his present unhappy situation.—The road seemed long and tedious, and he anxiously looked forward to the termination of his journey. His mind was filled with uncertainty as to the reception which he would meet from the father of Ellen; he knew that Mr. Wharton and his son were highly displeased with his conduct in joining the cause of the colonies, and it was a question in his mind, whether, in the present state of things, they might not be opposed to his having an interview with Ellen.

He was distressed; his mind was heavy; and that which at a former period would have afforded him pleasure, now only added to his sorrows and troubles. But his intentions were upright; his conscience assured him that he was treading the path of duty, and he determined that, whatever might be the consequences, he would not shrink from meeting Mr. Wharton or George. He was strengthened in this resolution as the home of childhood and the scenes of his younger days opened to his view, and recalled the pleasing incidents of former times to his remembrance.

The cheering smile and hearty gratulations of his parents awaited the arrival of Henry; they approved of his conduct, and were gratified by the honors with which his merits had been rewarded. His reception by Mr. Wharton was not such as he could have wished, although it was what he had expected; the rules of civility were not, indeed, disregarded; but there was not that cordial grasp of the hand, and the sincere welcome, with which he had usually been received; a cold formality supplied its place, which only seemed to throw a chill over his mind. The salutation of Ellen was far different; warm and truly affectionate in her feelings, she could hardly find words by which to express her joy at his arrival: all that courtesy or sincere affection could suggest she performed, to show the pleasure she realized from his visit.

It was evident that the mind of Mr. Wharton was uneasy; the winning conduct of his daughter, and the suavity of her disposition, commanded his admiration, and he had not the desire to mar her happiness; but he could not endure the idea of her accepting as a lover one whom he thought to be a rebel against his sovereign.

"I have no personal feelings against you, Henry," said Mr. Wharton; "your good qualities have even biased me very much in your favor, and had you not sided with the colonists in a rebellious war, I should have no objection to your union with my daughter; but as affairs are now situated, I cannot consent to receive into the bosom of my family, one who, although in every other respect qualified to become an inmate, is faithless to his king and government. All hopes of an amicable reconciliation between the belligerents are now at an end; matters have been pushed so far, and both parties are so incensed against each other, that any effort to effect a peaceful adjustment of the existing differences would be fruitless, and in the event of either party coming off victorious, those who are opposed to them in principle, would be made to suffer the evils of proscription. It is obvious, therefore, that whichever way the scale may turn, it would only cause dissension in a family, the members of which hold such opposite opinions, as are now maintained by you, and by George and myself. But if you will retrace your steps—dissolve your connection with the rebels,

and avow your allegiance to the king, I shall receive you with open arms and be proud to acknowledge you as my son."

"I regret, as much as yourself," replied Henry, "the unhappy circumstances which have produced our disagreement, and am satisfied of your sincere desire to promote my happiness, by the renunciation of sentiments which you conceive it to be treacherous in me to foster; but as I have resolved to perform my duty to my country, although it should be at the sacrifice of my life, it cannot be expected of me to purchase even happiness at the expense of my plighted faith."

"Strange infatuation!" said Mr. Wharton, "that one who possesses so many attractive qualities to endear him to his friends, should slight their advice and their intreaties for the paltry honor of fighting in a rebel cause against his rightful sovereign."

"No one, Mr. Wharton, can more ardently covet your esteem and good will than myself, and I trust that Heaven will ultimately smile upon my prospects and reinstate me in your good graces; at present, however, there is no other alternative than the performance of what conscience tells me is my imperative duty."

"Misguided youth!" replied Mr. Wharton, as he retired, "I leave you to your choice; I have endeavored in vain to convince you of your error; and if, at a future day, you should repent of the course that you have pursued, recollect that it was your own impetuous zeal that urged you on to ruin."

"My father may seem cruel in the expression of his sentiments," said Ellen, after he left the room, "and appear to be actuated by hatred towards you; but I think I may truly say, that he bears you neither malice nor ill will;—in the excitement of his mind he is led to declare that which appears harsh and unreasonable; yet some allowance must be made for the warmth of his feelings. His opinions are directly opposite to yours; they are such as he has ever held, and such as he believes it to be his duty to advocate and support. After his resolution is once taken, he is usually fixed and unyielding, and it is not likely that in this case he will change his views, or look with a more favorable eye upon the cause which you have espoused. But I have no doubt, that, aside from your political relation, he entertains towards you the same kind and affectionate feelings that he formerly manifested. On this account, Henry, I hope you will remember that he is prejudiced; overlook what may appear rigid in him, and still consider him, except in this one respect, as your warmest and most devoted friend."

"Dearest, loveliest Ellen!" exclaimed Henry, "I would even forgive my most bitter enemy at your request, much more one who sustains the relation of a parent to you; and although in the fervor of filial love, you would wish to screen his faults

and render them less abhorrent to me, yet I duly appreciate the motive which prompts you, and esteem you the more on account of it. But if, as you remarked, your father is inflexible, after having once formed his opinions, and is determined not to consent to our union,—upon what hope can we trust, that happiness will ever be ours?"

"There are joys in store for those who perform their duty, and trust with firm reliance on the mercies of omnipotent Heaven. Give not up yourself to despair, Henry, but hope for more peaceful times and an unclouded sky, when we shall all again become firm and faithful friends, and be united as one in that bond which can only be severed by death. My father has declared in strong terms his displeasure at your choice, and you have heard from his own lips all that he feels; but you have to meet in addition to his frown, the malice, for I can call it by no other name, the malice of my only and beloved brother. George has changed; yes, Henry, although it grieves me to say it, he who once loved and respected you scarcely less than he did the sister whom he pressed to his bosom, who was the favored companion of your early days and almost your only confidant,—even he has now set his face against you and meditates your hurt. Influenced by him more than any one else, my father was induced to forbid any communication between us, and it is owing to his courtesy alone that you are now permitted to see me—a boon which he may not again be disposed to grant. These are painful truths, I am aware, but I could not withhold them from you, for I was convinced that you would choose to know the worst."

"Yes, Ellen, fill up the measure of my sorrow; let me know the whole—hide nothing from me; I can bear it—aye, I should prefer to face all my foes, then I should be better able to repel their attacks. I did not expect all this—my feelings were not prepared for the shock; it would almost drive me to madness, did not the blissful recollection that thou, dear Ellen, angel of my peace! art still my friend, (even though all others are against me,) throw a gleam of light upon the darkness of the prospect, and serve to calm the swelling tumult of passion in my breast. But, George Wharton—why should he have such a deadly hatred towards me?—I might have known that this would have been the case, had I reflected upon his situation, and thought with whom he was associated.—He was necessitated to drink of that fountain whose waters are so poisonous to the gems of liberty."

"It is painful to me, to see you so dejected," said Ellen; "had I thought that the narration of my brother's unkindness would have thrown this sadness over your mind, it should have remained forever hid in my own bosom, for I would not add in the least to the poignancy of your feelings, or in any way increase your unhappiness. But the truth must have reached you at

some period, and you might have learned it from a less welcome source. You will excuse me, Henry, I trust, for it was an unpleasant task to divulge the guilt of a beloved though erring brother."

"Excuse you, Ellen! think not that I would impute to you the least blame—your disinterested conduct only serves to show that your friendship for me is deep rooted—that not even the ties of fraternal love can alienate your affections from your own, your faithful Henry. But why lengthen out this painful story! Ellen, we must part! There appears no other alternative. Your friends are so hostile to me as to preclude all hope of the restoration of amicable feelings, and rather than remain in this state of cruel suspense, we had better sunder now the tender ties by which our hearts are linked together, for by this measure the peace of families would remain unbroken, even though it were at the expense of our own bleeding hearts."

"Say not so, Henry; your language would almost cause me to despair. It is true, I love my parents and my brother next to adoration, but my love to you surpasses that to them. Let the sacrifice be what it may, I will forego, I will endure any thing, rather than give my consent to a separation."

"Ellen, I appreciate the fervor of your love," said Henry, "and fear that I can make but a poor return for it in the comparatively faint emotions of my own throbbing bosom;—but what can we do? a union without the consent of our parents would be production only of misery, and it is impossible to predict how long the present unsettled state of our public affairs will continue, without the peaceful adjustment of which it would be in vain to think of happiness."

"We can only remain in the present painful suspense," replied Ellen, "and let us arm ourselves for the conflicting struggle of our feelings. If our cause is as virtuous and holy as we have reason to believe it to be, it certainly will not go unrewarded."

"I admire your fortitude, Ellen; and so long as my memory shall retain your example, I will not give up myself to despondency; but gathering new courage from this exhibition of your firmness, I will struggle manfully against the billows of adversity, and bear myself up, notwithstanding the force of the overwhelming torrent."

[To be concluded.]

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.—Through some mistake, a gentleman in the south of Ireland led off the dance at a country ball, out of his turn. The person appointed to the post of honor, challenged the intruder, and received the following reply:—"Sir, I cannot understand why, because I opened the ball at night, a ball should open me in the morning.—Yours, &c."

For the Tablet.

Vicissitudes.

A tale of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years!
The murmur of streams brings back the memory of the past.
The sound of woods is lovely in mine ear.
Dost thou not behold a rock with its head of heath?
Three aged pines bend from its face; green in the narrow plain at its feet: there the flower of the mountain grows, and shakes its white head in the breeze.
The fox of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds a dim ghost standing there.

Ossian.

If, gentle reader, thou dost love to stray
Within sequestered haunts, if thou dost love
To indulge in lonely musings, and if thou
Upon the ills of life dost fondly mourn
In rumination, and dost draw from thence
Instruction—come with me, and stray adown
This lonely vale, where gently wave the trees
And wild flowers—where the wild birds lay
Awakes the mountain's echo—come with me,
And I'll rehearse a melancholy tale.

Whilom within this dale romantic, dwelt
The "red man," in his independence proud;
These rocks have been his shelter—here perchance
His wigwam stood; and may be, here the smile
Of sweet content sat on his o'er arch'd brow,
As he beheld his little ones, all gay
And sporting round his cabin while his limbs
Were stretched at ease upon sweet nature's couch;
And while he saw their harmless sport, he gaz'd
In ecstasy.

But ah, those days are gone!
These hills are lone, yet sweet—the birds still
Carol in gentle symphony—the flowers
Still put their petals forth, and waste away
Their fragrance sweet upon the mountain air:
Here still the oak majestic lifts its head,
And here the impending cliff still raises high
Its shaggy top, beneath whose base, a lake
Kisses the rocky strand, and purls so sweet
Among the misshapen stones, that he who sees
And hears its ripples and its harmony,
Shall own its sweet, and stop a while to catch
Its low and hollow murmurs.

But here too long I linger, though these scenes
Have been full oft my lone and still retreat:
Here have I walk'd alone, and mus'd awhile,
And here have fondly pass'd the hours away
In melancholy sweetness. Who shall say
On nature's beauties thus to fondly dwell
Is foolish? Who shall vainly think to sneer
At these our pleasing interviews in scorn?—
But I must leave them now, for darker scenes.

It was morn in spring: the eastern sky
Was hung with golden drapery, and the trees
Unfolding in perspective different shades,
Sparkled with gems—and as the lark rose high,
And wak'd all nature from its lethargy;
Loud preparation rang amid the rocks,
And each red warrior arm'd with ax and knife,
Stood panting, hot for battle; and the yell
Of Indian warhoop, flew upon the breeze.

The hour to march was come: and tenderly
Each savage warrior press'd his lov'd one's cheek—
The Spirit's kind protection then invok'd,
And o'er the moor departed.

Ere the sun
Had run his course, they saw the Pequod camp;
And each prepared with horrid yell to hail
their brethren in arms; and soon they meet:
The moon in lovely brightness, pressing through
The forest trees, warns all to seek their rest;
And each obeys the impulse—bending low
Upon his grassy couch, soon lies embrac'd
In the soft arms of slumber. Ere the sun
Had brightly streak'd the east, the warriors all
Arose and took their way unto the field.—
Opponents meet—and each with deadly aim
Selects his mark—and on the wings of fire,

The roar of battle came.

The combat rages—loud the shrieks arise—
The Pequods fall in ranks:—the thirsty earth
Drinks in its purple bev'rage—and the grass
Is clotted red around.

A yell is heard:

And soon throughout the ranks, the cry is blaz'd
That Pomperaug had fallen. In his gore
He welters—then with savage scream he dies.
The mighty Philip flies—the foe pursues—
But he, with a few faithful friends escapes.
The tribe of Pomperaug has fled—and with the son
Of their lost chief, the remnant take their way
to this their native valley, where they live
In plain submission to their conquerors.

Years roll away. The young chief now had
reach'd

The age of manhood; and a fairer form
And manlier than his, might ne'er be gaz'd at.
Such was Pomperaug the younger: His race
Was dwindling, and scarce fifty of his tribe,
Now dwelt within the valley, where for years
Had hunted wild his sires: th' unerring hand
Of ruthless war, had wasted them away.

Now, into the valley came to dwell,
A pastor with his flock—some thirty souls.
Their leader was a venerable man;
Already had he pass'd the destined bourne
Of three score years and ten. His manly form
Was worn with grief; yet on his furrow'd brow
Was still the light of thought, and in his eye
The fire still sparkled, but with fainter gleam—
And he did seem an angel standing there,
As he dispensed the truth to those around him.
With him he brought the remnant of a family—
The only daughter of an only son.
Her name was Mary—she had now attain'd
The age of womanhood, and was the very mold
Of earthly loveliness. Her eye, whose sheen
Of beaming with delight, lit up her face,
And gave a zest unto her matchless form,
Was of dark hazel—and the lashes long
Protected from all vulgar gaze, the gems.
Her hair was beautiful, and glossier far
Than e'er the raven's wing—and then her cheeks
So brightly ting'd with carmin—and her brow
Of Parian whiteness, gave a contrast sweet.

It was in autumn, on a lovely morn,
That to the pastor's hut there came perchance
The chieftain Pomperaug; and there he saw
The fair and lovely Mary; but he check'd
The rising feelings of his heart, and flew
Full quickly to his wigwam.

He went away—but with him linger'd still,
The form of Mary: he could ill efface
Her features from his mind—and need I say
He lov'd her? Once again he came, and there
Again he saw the fair one, and his heart
Throb'd quick with love and rapture keen.
He ask'd the aged pastor then to give
The "singing bird" to him in marriage:
But strait on him a lowering gaze he cast,
And while to fury his worn brow contracted,
He cast a fiery look, and thus he spoke:

"Savage, now hear! and shall the gentle lamb
Lie down at rest within the wolf's dark den?
Nay, dream not of it! I would rather see
The lovely flowret blasted in the grave!
Name not again the thing, lest thou incur
My vengeance! go thy way in peace!"
Nor silent stood the savage—in his eye
The gnawing fires of indignation glow'd,
Which only death might quench, and his dark brow
Was fraught with savage, as he rose
In all his native dignity, and spoke:
"Forbear thy threats, O white man! were it not
That thou art old and gray, my knife should take
That blood for which it thirsteth yet!"

Fiercely replied the white man—"Dar'st thou
Provoke within his den, the tigers ire?"
The rage of each increas'd; but soon the chief
Departed from the cabin—but his breast
Still thirsted for revenge. He call'd
His warriors all around his hut, and each

In native fury, cries aloud for battle.

They march with savage eagerness, and soon
In flames is seen the white man's dwelling.
Surpris'd, the villagers with awe behold
The work of desolation—strait they start,
A score of armed men in hot pursuit.
Toward the east they wend their wary steps,
And enter the still dell which runs among
The forest trees: they search each secret nook,
But vainly. The still foe securely lodg'd
Within their rocky fortresses defy
The gaze of their untiring enemies.
They pass'd adown the dell all still and lone,
Which was so very low and narrow here,
That night seem'd brooding o'er it, and the owl
Quick wheel'd before them, as they pass'd along.

Sudden a doleful yell bursts shrill and wild,
From the rocks among—twenty savages
All furious onward rush—and as they deal
Their blows of desolation, many fall.
The pastor re-collects his scatter'd flock,
And bravely at their head he marches up
The steep ascent, but he, alas, is struck
Adown again upon a rock, and—dies.
The savages then fly—the men bear slow
Their lifeless pastor to the lonely dell,
And in a secret nook entomb him there.

A year had pass'd:
It was an eve in summer. The pale moon
Had climb'd in silvery brightness o'er the hills,
And held her nightly watch in heaven's arch;
The stars look'd down in sweetness on the scene
Far stretching through the valley—the fair flow'rs
Drank in the fragrant dew, and nodded low
A welcome to the health reviving gale,
When Mary left her cot to ruminate
Awhile within the wood. She linger'd near
The consecrated spot, where in repose
Her kinsman low was laid. The valley clods
Above his aged head had grown—the rose
Had bloom'd awhile and wither'd there, and all
Within the vale, was melancholy sweet.
The rock whereon he fell, might still be seen;
But nature with her tears, had wash'd away
The bloody stains.

Here in meditation lone stood Mary;
She knew not where nor what would be her lot;
And she would fain have lifted the dark veil,
Which hung between her, and futurity.
She check'd the rising thought, and quick she
knelt,
And pour'd her heart in long and ardent prayer
To "him who seeth in secret," then arose,
And mid the darkness, climb'd the rugged steep.
At length the top was gain'd—and standing high,
She gaz'd upon the valley where the gloom
Was doubly heighten'd by the moon's pale beams:
She bade the scene adieu, and hasten'd on.
Not long—for soon her ear a rustling caught;
And soon upon her startled view, stood forth
The chieftain Pomperaug. Full loud she shriek'd
And swifter than an arrow, then she sprang
Over the dizzy cliff.—The Indian hark'd.—
A moment of calm silence—then a dash,
And all was lone and silent as the grave.
None knew the fate of Mary, but the chief;
And he with lover's care scoop'd out a grave
Amid the rocks of yonder glen, and laid
Therein the lovely Mary; then retir'd
Far from his native valley.

Full fifty years had roll'd away, and brought
With each succeeding one, a year of peace;
When by the moon's dim light, was faintly seen
A clump of Indians, bearing still and slow
A burthen heavy by the stone pav'd stream,
Which laves the base of Pomperaug's high rock.
They cross'd the stream, and up a hillock pass'd;
But then, the moon was veil'd with darksome
clouds,
And nothing more was seen.

When the bright sun
Had risen o'er the hills, a spot was seen,
Where the fresh earth was broken, and a heap

Of stones upon the place, the secret told.
Here lay the *once* proud chieftain Pomperaug;
And here the clay-cold arms of earth, embrac'd
Its kindred dust—the clods, his winding-sheet—
His dirge, the autumn wind—his spirit—*where?*
Unto this day, the little grassy mound
May still be seen, and there the heap of stones;
Which all believe is Pomperaug's low grave.

THEODORE.

Miscellaneous.

From the Guest.

"There is no new thing under the Sun."

Solomon.

We have often been led into the regions of curious contemplation, when this sentiment of "the wise man" has met us. We have gone back to the anti-deluvian days, when Jubal and Tubal-Cain instructed in music and the sterner arts; to the times of Noah, when "they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage;" and to the subsequent exhibitions of Roman and Grecian character.—And we have thought of the Arabian literature in the dark ages; the bright of English and Italian History; and the delicate refinement of the French people. In short, we have surveyed the world; and the varied forms of national literature, have been scanned; yet, "is there any thing, whereof it may be said, see, this is new?"

Much is said of novelty; and many have spoken of originality. But to one, who examines with a diligent eye, will the fallacy of such reasoning appear. He looks out upon nature. The herds of the earth are uniform; the trees of the forest are only ramifications of one original pattern. And last, he brings the human mind beneath his careful scrutiny. The same properties belong to this immortal part, in whatever covering of earth it is mantled. All the exhibitions of itself seem only modifications of the same first principle. The humblest peasant may have cherished a thought, which inspired the brain of a Newton. Similar objects may present similar trains of thought to different individuals. A variegated scenery will not fail to kindle a poetical enthusiasm, and

"Wake to ecstasy the living lyre."

While the general conformation of mind is thus strikingly uniform, we must cease to regard with wonder the similarity of its results. We are too often disposed to charge the proudest intellects with the unpardonable crime of plagiarism; when, in justice, numerous considerations would exempt them from the crimination. It is no less amusing than instructive, to follow the critical observations of one Todd, on the immortal poem of the immortal Milton.—Should the careless reader study this interesting critic, he would unquestionably regard the unrivalled poet in the light of one, who should cull from every production of all antecedent minds; and in a combined form present the result to a deceived world. The bard, to whom all Nature was a blank,

"so thick a drop serene" had quenched his outward vision, is represented as holding communion in his thoughts with the sages of every land and every name. That man must find the *world* arrayed against him, who would essay to assail the Genius of Milton; yet where shall we find the thought, that escaped from his omnipotent mind, unconceived before, and unexpressed? It is by no means to be supposed, that those sentiments, and forms of expression, which presented themselves to his mind, were the result of observation merely, or a servile imitation; yet such is the uniformity of the mind's efforts, when in different individuals it is made to bear upon subjects, that ever will it seek for similar illustrations and similar presentation of thought.

Yet we shall not always find occasion for such a general solution of the problem. We know it to be incontestible, that the greater portion of a literary community propose to themselves certain models in their respective arts, and conform their own tastes to the objects of their study. All antecedent time lies before them, and they may cull the beauties of a wide-extended prospect. Rome pours forth her treasures, and Greece lives in the transmitted fruit of gigantic intellectual power. Homer still sings with celestial harmony, and we linger to catch the inspiring notes. We roam over the oft-trodden fields, where sits Virgil with his pipe,

"Fronde super viridi,——"

chanting his rustic lay to the beautiful Alexis; and we renew an early formed acquaintance with the mellifluous Horace, who is ever social and never troublesome. While such an accumulated mass of thought and beauty is presented to aspiring man, who will forbid him partake the rich treasure, as "forbidden fruit," that it may not impart wisdom, and increase existing acquisitions? Nay—rather open the portals to past science, and bid the ambitious student enter, to explore unconfined. And we have ever found it the emulation of mankind to trace the history of the mind in its several parts, and avail themselves of that learning, which the world has before known. Thus the most eminent men have ever been the most perfect students of the past. Who enchain the mind by their eloquence, or charm the senses by their sweetness? Assuredly they who have recourse to the past. Nor should the love of supposed originality confine the immortal energies of the mind to its own narrow house, but rather allow them to attain greater vigor, and soar towards more enrapturing views, by the addition of past knowledge. It is not to be denied, that too great reliance on books is prone to create a servility of intellect; and no less is it to be allowed, that that self-sufficiency, which would nurture a distaste for all extraneous help, is the greatest bane to real advancement in the intellectual course. The human mind is not self-existent; and he who

would abandon every foreign aid for the unassisted growth of his own intellect, rests on a rotten foundation. A survey of facts encourages us in this belief. Who display the most undisciplined and shallow minds? Observation has a ready reply—The would-be-originals of this world, who contemptuously reject the study of models in the several departments of learning.

But, it is frequently said, that "the literature of the present day is deficient in originality." And when has knowledge been more increased, and the mind been more free from the enthrallments of servility?—Was it in the days of Petrarch, of Spenser, of Milton, or Pope? The former lived in exploring the musty manuscripts of the Latins; the second copied Ariosto; Milton, great in song, was also great in ancient learning, and Pope's "Essay on Criticism" is Horace's Treatise on Poetry.

But, "American literature will be original." And who has such a gift of prophecy, that he may hail the season in prospect, when "we shall no longer need the assistance and advice of our Mother Country? We would not be slow to believe in the omnipotence and self-sufficiency of American talent; but annihilate the British Isles—and where will rest the once dependent Colonies? Should we "continue to ascend the same paths," or find a retrograde motion? And the spell, too, which has bound us to "classic Greece and Rome"—it is, indeed, "already broken?" rather has it not begun to bind us, and may we not point to one and another intellectual giant in our western clime, who, towering like some tall pine within the wide-spread forest, stands an indisputable witness for ancient learning? True it is, we have such lights in the land, the radiant points of knowledge. While we emulate our Mother Country in her zealous study of the past, and regard ourselves as allies in the general plan of advancing science, "we may reach that pinnacle, whence we can look down on all the nations of the earth," alike the object of admiration, for industry and perseverance.

THE ANCIENT NUMIDIANS.—According to the French savans who have accompanied the expedition to Algiers, the tribes of Berbers who inhabit the mountains of the lesser Atlas, from Tunis to the empire of Morocco, are the ancient Numidians described by Sallust, and are precisely the same, with regard to manners, customs and civilization, as at the period of the war of Jugurtha, more than a century before the Christian era.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—"You saved my life on one occasion," said a beggar to a captain, under whom he had served. "Saved your life?" replied the officer; "do you think that I am a doctor?" "No, but I served under you in the battle of —, and when you ran away, I followed; and thus my life was preserved."

From the Metropolitan.

The Dream.

I slept—a dream came over me—
A dream of far-off years,
I dreamt I was a child again,
A thing of cries and tears;
I thought I saw my mother's form
Bend o'er me, and her voice
Sweetly I heard, in whisper'd tones,
Invite me to rejoice.

I slept—a dream came over me—
I seem'd a blooming boy,
And every path I turn'd into,
Still brought me sweets and joy;
And there I saw my mother's eye,
That watch'd me in my play,
And heard her voice, from perils near,
That call'd me far away.

I slept—a dream came over me—
I wanton'd thro' the world,
And Pleasure held her banners high,
All glittering and unfurl'd;
Yet still my mother's form was there—
She prest me to her heart,
And bade me not, for Fancy's dreams,
From home and her depart.

I slept—a dream came over me—
There came a lady fair,
With features soft and beautiful,
And light and clust'ring hair;
She smil'd, and bid me follow her,
My mother stood between,
But o'er my mother's shoulders still,
That maiden's smile was seen.

I slept—a dream came over me—
I threw around mine eye,
But clouds of darkness met me there,
And not my cloudless sky;
I turn'd to chide the maiden fair,
Who wold me from my home—
I look'd upon the stormy sea,
And saw its wild waves foam.

I slept—a dream came over me—
The years of youth had past,
I'd rovd the wide world over long,
But found my home at last;
I visited each early spot,
And gave to each a tear,
But most I lov'd to linger o'er
My mother's lonely bier.

I slept—a dream came over me—
Disease was in my brain;
I restless on my pillow turn'd,
Methought I heard a strain
Of softly breathing music that,
Seem'd floating in the air—
The Heavens open'd, and I saw—
My mother smiling there.

Effects of Climate and Passions on the Mind.

Climate, by its influence upon the body produces endless diversities of mind. Compare the timid, indolent, vivacious, and irritable inhabitants of the line, with the phlegmatic and stupid Greenlander.—Every man knows how the state of his mind is modified by different periods of the day, changes in the weather and the seasons.—He who attempts mental effort during a fit of indigestion will cease to wonder that Plato located the soul in the stomach. A few drops of water upon the face, or a feather burnt under the nostril of one in a swoon, awakens the mind from its deep sleep of unconsciousness. A slight impression made upon a nerve often breaks the

chain of thought and the mind tosses in tumult. Let a peculiar vibration quiver upon the nerve of hearing, and a tide of wild emotion rushes over the soul.

“By turns they feel the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined.”

Strike up the Marseilles in the streets of Paris, and you lash the populace into fury. Sing the Rans des Vaches to the Swiss soldiers, and they gush into tears. The man who can think with a gnat in his eye, or reason while the nerve of a tooth is twinging or when his stomach is nauseated, or when his lungs are oppressed and laboring,—He who can give wing to imaginations when shivering with cold, or fainting with heat, or worn down with toil,—can claim exemption from the common lot of humanity. In different periods of life, the mind waxes and wanes with the body; in youth, cheerful, full or darting, quick to see, and keen to feel; in old age, desponding, timid, perception dim, and emotion languid. When the blood circulates with unusual energy, the coward rises into a hero: when it creeps feebly, the hero, sinks into a coward.

The effect produced by different states of the mind upon the body are equally sudden and powerful. Plato used to say, that “all the diseases of the body proceed from the soul.” Expression of the countenance is mind visible. Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; joy illuminates it, and an instant thrill electrifies a million nerves.—Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses giant energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke, Chilo, Diagorus, and Sophocles, died of joy at the Elean games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals, and occupying the chair of state. Muley Moluck was carried upon the field of battle in the last stages of an incurable disease. Upon seeing his army give way, he leaped from the litter, rallied his panic stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory, and died. The door-keeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died, either in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it had suddenly subsided. The late Mr. Pinckney, of Baltimore Mr. Emmet, of New York, and the Hon. Ezekiel Webster of N. Hampshire, are recent instances.—Lagrange, the young Parisian, died a few months since, when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another. The recent case of Hills, in New York is fresh in the memory of all. He was apprehended for theft,

taken before the police, and though in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood from his nostrils. He was carried out, and died.—*Annals of Education.*

The Salem Mercury says that a master of a vessel lately returned to that port, and on his arrival, had the pleasure to meet his brother the first time for thirteen years.—During all this time, they have both sailed from that port on Indian voyages of the usual length, and have never before happened to be in that or any port at the same time. It can with truth, be said of many of our sea-faring brethren, that their “home is on the deep.” Some of them, during the space of ten long years, have not had opportunity to enjoy the company of their wives and children for ten days.

Ladies' Toasts.

Drank at a 4th of July Celebration.

Old Bachelors—Rusty things, may they enjoy as much happiness by themselves, as we do without them.—*Tune, We're a nod-din'.*

Fashion—Like the silk worm, she spins her own coffin. Those of us who would look lovely should study simplicity—a little waist will cost much.—*Tune, I'd be a Butterfly.*

Matrimony—Like masonry, no one knows the secret until they are initiated. We sincerely hope we may soon learn the mystery.—*Tune, I won't be a nun.*

The tongue—Our sharpest weapon of defense, snarlers say that it was the last evil that fell from the box of Pandora—'tis false!—it came out first, for it could not bear “durance vile.”—*Tune, Bid me discourse.*

A PETRIFICATION.—Baron Steuben, died of apoplexy at Steuben, Oneida County, New York, in November, 1795. Agreeably to his request, his remains were wrapped in his cloak, inclosed in a plain coffin, and deposited in a grave without a stone. Many years after, as we learn by a memoir in the New York Commercial Advertiser, his body was disinterred for the purpose of burial in another place, and it was found to have passed into a state of complete petrification, and is believed to remain in that state to this day. The features of his face were as unchanged as on the day of his interment.

The plainer the dress, with greater luster does beauty appear. Virtue is the greatest ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

Epigram.

“He's gone at last—old Niger's dead!”
Last night 'twas said throughout the city;
Each quidnunc gravely shook his head,
And half the town cried, “What a pity!”
The news prov'd false—'twas all a cheat—
The morning came the fact denying;
And all the town to-day repeat,
What half the town last night was crying.

The Tablet.

Yale College Commencement.

This anniversary took place on the 21st inst. Although a mistake had been extensively prevalent respecting the time at which it was to be held, yet a larger audience attended, than we recollect to have seen for several years. The day was fair, and the exercises interesting. If we might venture an opinion, we should say that there was a greater *equality* among the speakers, than is usual on such occasions. We noticed with pleasure, that the "Dialogue," a kind of miniature play, which has been customary for a number of years past, was wanting. We trust that the community will encourage this attempt to appropriate the exercises of commencement to their legitimate use—the display of the talents and acquirements of the Speakers. The following is the order of exercises.

FORENOON.

Salutatory Oration, in Latin, by Edward A. Bradford, Plainfield, Conn.

Oration, "on symmetry of mental culture," by Alphonso Taft, Jamaica, Vt.

Dissertation, "on the influence of advancement in society on the spirit of poetry," by Samuel G. Buckingham, Lebanon, Conn.

Oration, "on the contemplative student," by William W. Eells, Middletown, Conn.

Oration, "on the connection between the social and literary character," by John Hustis, Philipstown, N. Y.

Oration, "on the character of the American patriot," by Moses B. Stuart, Andover, Mass.

Oration, "on the comparative effects of natural and moral sublimity," by Cornelius Van Santvoord, Jersey city, N. J.

Oration, "on the influence of great talents on the happiness of their possessor," by Robert D. Gardner, East Haddam, Conn.

Oration, "on the recent abuses of elegant literature," by Alfred K. Gould, Hopkinton, N. H.

Poem, "The solitary man," by James T. Sherman, Trenton, N. J.

Dissertation, "on the progress of society," by Frederiek E. Mather, Windsor, Conn.

Oration, "on the proper direction of American enterprise and talent," by Samuel Wolcott, Ill.

Oration, "on martyrdom to principle," by William N. Matson, Colchester, Conn.

Colloquy, "on the utility of Philosophical criticism," by Samuel W. S. Dutton, Guilford, Conn. and George I. Wood, Bridgeport, Conn.

* Excused from speaking on account of illness.

AFTERNOON.

Dissertation, "on political expediency," by George I. Wood, Bridgeport, Conn.

Dissertation, "on attachment to past institutions," by Michael Baldwin, New Haven, Conn.

Oration, "on the influence of epic poetry on men and nations," by W. S. Dutton, Guilford, Conn.

Dissertation, "on moral equilibrium," by Joseph Pettee, Salisbury, Conn.

Dissertation, "on the correction of erroneous public sentiment," by John S. Davenport, N. Y. City.

Oration, "on truth," by William H. Russell, Middletown, Conn.

Eighty-seven members of the Senior class, received the degree of A. B.

The degree of A. M. was conferred on 34 graduates of the college.

The honorary degree of D. D., on Rev. N. S. Wheaton, President of Washington College, Hartford; and Rev. Sereno E. Dwight, President

of Hamilton College; that of LL. D. on His Excellency, Henry W. Edwards, Governor of Connecticut; Hon. Edward Everett of Boston, and Hon. Ezekiel Chambers, U. S. Senator from the State of Maryland.

Messrs. Lyman H. Atwater, Noah Porter, Jr. and Lorenzo L. Langstroth, were appointed Tutors.

The prospects of the Institution, are at present very encouraging. Eighty-six members have already been admitted to the Freshman Class. This number, together with those who will probably be examined at the commencement of the next term, will form a larger class, than any which has preceded it. The \$100,000, too, the exertions for raising which, were commenced more than two years since, have been subscribed, as will soon be seen by the report of the society of the Alumni; so that the college may now be considered as standing on a firm foundation.

On Tuesday afternoon, the prize speaking, by members of the three lower classes, took place. We were not present, but understood that it was characterised generally by strong and just delivery.

In the evening, the Society of the Alumni, held their annual meeting in the college chapel. This is the society, it will be recollected, which two or three years ago, started the project of raising by private subscription, the sum of \$100,000 for the then destitute college. On this occasion, the Treasurer reported that \$107,000 had been subscribed by 618 individuals, from 14 states, and two from Lower Canada. Of this sum, \$78,000 has been collected, so that only \$29,000 remains yet unpaid. The thanks of the Society, were then presented to Willys Warner, Esq., the Treasurer of the society, and of the college, for his exertions in raising the subscription.

A part of the donations to the college were given on condition that they should be devoted to the establishment of a KENT Professorship of Law. As the subscriptions were now complete, the Hon. David Daggett, after the report of the Treasurer, delivered an address on the subject. His views of the legal profession, which were rational and elevated, were enlivened by frequent sallies of wit, and were listened to, with attention by the audience.

Mr. Everett's Oration.

On Tuesday, the day before Commencement, at 12 o'clock, the Hon. Edward Everett, delivered an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. After an introduction, eight or ten minutes long, in which he expressed his pleasure at being invited to deliver an address before the Phi Beta Kappa, of Conn., and his hopes that a nearer and closer connection might exist between the two institutions—Yale and Harvard; he announced his highest subject,—"The universal effect of education on man and human society." He considered the subject in several different relations, among which was its effect in establishing and confirming religious principle. He then made the enquiry; what are the *practical means* of improving the condition of the present generation? and after laying down the position that the only basis of improvement is the natural

equally of mankind; he answered it by mentioning three things, to wit, the press, free government, and a pure spiritual faith, at present in full operation, but which the ancients did not possess, and for want of which their political institutions were destroyed, and themselves became barbarians. In conclusion, he transported the audience to the shores of Greece, and pictured before them the new king and his subjects going hand in hand, in the cause of freedom, religion and civilization—and recited the supposed address of Liberty personified, in a strain beyond all description.

We have heard but one opinion respecting this performance,—and that is highly in its praise. Throughout the whole were scattered beautiful classical allusions and the productions of a refined imagination. His comparison between the degraded New Zelanders, but little elevated above the ourang-outang of his own forests, and the civilized mariner, causing the elements to become his servants, and to unite in new combination, for his safety and convenience, was especially fine, and although it lasted some minutes, yet there was perfect stillness in the house.

At the close of the oration, on the motion of Hon. David Daggett, a committee was appointed to request of Mr. Everett a copy for publication; so that in a few weeks we shall probably have it entire.

At the session of the society in the morning, we understand that the Hon. Daniel Webster was appointed orator for the next year, and in case of his failure, the Hon. Roger M. Sherman of Connecticut, his substitute: Professor Wolsey of Yale College, was elected to deliver the Poem, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, substitute.

We have now given a full account of the exercises of the Commencement week. From several circumstances, they were more interesting than usual, and as far as we can learn, gave universal satisfaction to the large audience which attended. The friends of the college, have especial cause for congratulation, that its prospects are now so flourishing, and its means of usefulness so extensive.

The name of the Hartford Boquet, has been changed to "*Pearl, and Literary Gazette*," and the price of subscription raised to *two dollars*. We presume, therefore, it must be "better calculated to please, and superior in every respect."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The hand writing of "E." is unintelligible. "Theodore," we think would write better prose than poetry. But as we do not profess, like the editor of the Boquet, to be "*particularly strict* in regard to poetry," his piece is admitted. Some parts of it however are creditable. We hope to hear from him again, but should always prefer to have long pieces written in prose.

A STEAMBOAT IN CHINA.—A Canton paper announces the sailing of the steamboat Ringta, bound for Pekin. She has on board a cow, a surgeon, an orchestra, and an elegant furnished cabin, where passengers may "play at cards, smoke opium, and snore."

Fancy's Home.

My cot should stand in some lone dale;
Its windows, brightening with the East,
Should hear the wakeful Nightingale
When every song but her's has ceased.
And there should be to hear it too,
A heart all tenderness and truth,
And eyes that shine like morning-dew,
And lips of love, and looks of youth.

My cot should have a garden bower,
With fruit and flowers, for bud and bee,
To balm and freshen evening's hour,
And fill the air with fragrantcy;—
And there my Mary's harp should ring
Sweet tones that make the pulses thrill,
The heart unconsciously to sing,
And as unconsciously to still.

A little lake, nor loud nor deep,
Should from my door to distance spread,
Where me might hear the light fish leap,
Or see them nestle in their bed;—
And it should sleep between two hills,
Shut from the sweeping storm's career,
Calm as the heart when laughter stills,
And bright as joy's delicious tear.

And there my little white-sail boat,
Should lie in golden-sanded cove,
Or on the silver waters float,
Freighted by Beauty and by Love,
Thus might we laugh, and sing, and play,
And let the months like minutes wing;
And life be all a summer's day,
And death a dark but dreadful thing.

COUSINING.—A country gentleman lately arrived at Boston, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant of that city. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home, (as he declared his intention of remaining in the city, but a day or two.) The husband of the lady, anxious to show attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover street, and had it put up there. Finally the visit became a visitation, and the merchant, after a lapse of eleven days found that besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable. Accordingly he went to the man who kept the stable, and told him, when the gentleman took his horse he must pay the bill. 'Very good,' said the stable keeper 'I understand you.' Accordingly, in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable, and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill, of course, was presented. 'Oh,' said the gentleman, 'Mr. so-and-so, my relation, will pay this.' 'Very good sir,' said the stable keeper, 'please to get an order from Mr.—, it will be the same as the money.' The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to the Long Wharf, where the merchant kept.—'Well,' said he, 'I am going now.' 'Are you?' said the merchant, 'well, good bye sir!'—'Well about the horse; the man says the bill must be paid for his keeping.' 'Well, I suppose that's all right, sir.'—'Yes—well—but you know that I'm your wife's cousin.' 'Yes,' said the merchant, 'I know that you are, but your horse is not.' *N. Y. Gazette.*

A Nice Point.

Say which enjoys the greatest blisses.
John, who Dorinda's picture kisses,
Or Tom, his friend, the favor'd elf,
Who kisses fair Dorinda's self?
Faith, 'tis not easy to divine,
While both are thus with raptures fainting,
To which the balance should incline,
Since Tom and John both kiss a painting.

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIP.—In the war in Spain, some years ago, two horses had long served together in the same brigade of artillery. They had assisted in drawing the same gun, and had been inseparable companions in many battles. One of them was at last killed; and after the engagement the survivor was piquetted as usual, and his food brought to him. He refused, however, to eat, and was constantly turning round his head to look for his companion, sometimes neighing as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed upon him was of no avail. He was surrounded by other horses, but he did not notice them and he shortly afterwards died, not having once tasted food from the time his associate was killed.

CONNECTICUT BAPTIST LITERARY INSTITUTION.—This seminary, located in the town of Suffield, was opened on Wednesday, the 21st inst. under auspicious circumstances. The trustees assembled for the transaction of business, and adopted such measures as seemed necessary to promote the progress and welfare of the Institution. Drafts and estimates for buildings were presented; arrangements made for securing immediate productive labor for the students, a site was purchased, &c. The site is a commanding eminence in the centre of the town, fronting on the Main street leading from Hartford to Springfield. It contains 16 acres of most excellent land in a high state of cultivation. Connected with it is a spacious dwelling-house, and other buildings. The cost is \$3,500. A better location, in all respects, could not be found, though many beautiful sites were shown to the Board. The brick for the seminary is purchased, and measures were in operation to give all possible speed to its erection and completion.

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is a dangerous word for young ladies: it is love full fledged, and waiting for a fine day to fly.—*Lacon.*

Married.

In this city, on the 21st inst., by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Mr. Henry L. Miller, merchant, of Hartford, to Miss Sarah Ann Webster, daughter of Mr. Ira Webster, of this city.

In this city, on the 29th inst. in St. Paul's Chapel, by the Rev. H. Crosswell, Mr. Geo. Clinton Tallman, merchant of New York, to Miss Julia Wilcox, daughter of Mr. Alvan Wilcox, of this city.

In this city on the 26th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Cushman, Mr. Robert Robinson, of New York, to Miss Sarah Smith, of this city.

In Orange, by the Rev. Mr. Woodruff, Mr. E. Y. Shepherd, of this city, to Miss Almira Alling, of the former place.

In Braintree, by the Rev. Mr. Ives, Mr. Alling Hemingway, of Plymouth, to Miss Marietta Lindsey of the former place.

Died.

In this city, on the 28th inst. at the Hotel of Mr. J. O. Parmelee, Joseph Haven, Esq., aged 56, formerly a merchant in Boston, of paralysis.

In Augusta, Me. on the 15th inst. Mr. Leman Dunning, of the firm of Dunning & Donaghe, of this city. Mr. Dunning has been long and actively engaged in this city, in the business and charities of life, and his sudden and unexpected exit will cast a gloom on all with which he was connected.

In Jacksonville, Illinois, on the 9th inst. Dr. Aldis S. Allen, of Bridgeport, Ct. He and his wife were on their return home, from a tour through the Western States, where he was taken sick and died of the bilious fever.

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